



*A
Swingful
of
Sweetness
by
Penrhyn Stanlaw's*

Planning Floating Hospitals Miles High in the Air

Giant Dirigibles, Equipped with Every Comfort of a Sanitarium, to Give Sufferers from Tuberculosis and Other Diseases the Benefits of the Greatly Increased Lung Ventilation Found Thousands of Feet Above the Earth

How a Dirigible Will Look When Fitted Out as an Aerial Hospital, with Sun Parlors, Sleeping Quarters, Dining Halls and Spacious Promenade Decks for the Patients on Top of the Huge Gas Bag and Reached by Stairways and Elevators from the Lower Parts of the Craft. Large Cables Reaching to the Earth Will Hold It Captive at Any Altitude Desired.

THE successful round trip of the British dirigible R-31 across the Atlantic arouses new interest in the possibility of using huge airships as hospitals for the treatment of tuberculosis, anemia and other diseases.

An officer of the Royal Army Medical Corps, writing in a recent issue of the British Medical Journal, declares that an airship floating at a height of 2,000 feet or more, where the atmosphere is entirely free from germs, would be an ideal sanitarium for many kinds of invalids. He urges scientists to begin at once working out the practical details necessary for the establishment of several of these "aerial spas."

By Arthur C. Jacobson, M. D.
Associate Editor of the Medical Times.

THE newly created and extensive air services of all the belligerent nations, a product of war, now lie ready for the beneficent purposes of peace.

Among those purposes we are convinced, will be the still more successful treatment of tuberculosis, for advantage will be taken of the extraordinary physiological effects produced by flying, all of which seem well calculated to aid the organism afflicted by tuberculosis.

It has also been suggested in the same quarter from which the idea of utilizing controlled altitude in the treatment of tuberculosis emanated, that by the same means we might be able to influence favorably the grave anemias, particularly that most baffling of diseases, pernicious anemia.

As one rises far above sea level less and less oxygen is taken into the system. At sea level our atmospheric air contains about 21 per cent of oxygen; at 2,000 feet elevation it contains 16 per cent; at 5,000 feet, 15.5 per cent; at 9,000 feet, 14.9 per cent; at 10,000 feet, 14.2 per cent; at 11,000 feet, 13.7 per cent; at 12,000 feet, 13.2 per cent; at 13,000 feet, 12.7 per cent; and at 14,000 feet, 12.2 per cent.

Now, in order to meet the oxygen deficiency, the body is forced in compensation, in some way, and this compensation makes itself manifest through a greatly increased lung ventilation, the breathing growing deeper and fuller as the elevation increases, through an improvement in the circulation in the tissues, through a raising of blood pressure, and through a running up of the percentage of the hemoglobin, coloring matter and carrier of oxygen in the blood and of the number of red and white blood corpuscles.

Just how these remarkable reactions come about we shall now endeavor to explain.

Dr. A. W. Hewlett, of the University of Michigan, has found that the total blood volume, including all the blood elements, increases automatically at high altitudes, so that the oxygen-carrying capacity of the blood can be increased. Nature provides for this automatic adjustment so that even though the atmosphere may contain less oxygen at a given altitude, the mechanisms of the body will see to it that as much oxygen as possible is delivered to the tissues, for upon oxygenation depend our metabolism and our very lives.

Of course, this increase in total blood volume is a nutritive phenomenon. In other words, it may follow upon a more assimilative power. It becomes more marked the longer one resides at a high altitude. In short flights, the increase of red and white blood cells and hemoglobin is believed to be due to a loss of fluids, with resulting concentration of the blood, which would give only a relatively high blood count and hemoglobin percentage, but long residence at high altitude finally results in an absolute and not merely a relative increase in the number of the red cells running up from the normal 5,000,000 per cubic millimeter of blood to as many as 8,000,000.

Regarding the increased pulmonary ventilation, Barcroft has shown that its direct cause is increased amount of acid in the blood. Any increase in the acids of the blood promptly stimulates the respiratory centre in the brain. The object of the

increased ventilation is to obviate the partial pressure of the oxygen in the blood and lungs (partial pressure diminished). Thus the increased acidity is seen to be another regulatory device by which when imperative demands by oxygen starvation, nature stimulates the respiratory centre to increased activity.

The improvement in the circulation of the blood is shown by an increase of the pulse rate and of blood pressure. This is evidently an adjustment intended to facilitate the carrying of oxygen to the tissues and to keep up the nutrition and efficiency of the heart. The increase of the pulse rate and of blood pressure is due to stimulation of the vasomotor centre in the brain by achievement in the blood—an effect similar to the stimulation of the respiratory centre.

Now, of course, the value of altitude in the treatment of tuberculosis has been long established, and because of the purity and dryness of mountain air in such places as Saranac, in America and Davos in Europe we get a stimulating effect upon the appetite and nutrition. But it would seem that the point made by Dr. Charles E. Quinby about twenty years ago must also be taken into consideration along with the physical effects noted by the observers of the air service in estimating the value of altitude in the therapy of tuberculosis, and that point is that when air is rarefied, as to altitude, a pulmonary hyperemia, or increase of the amount of blood in the lungs, ensues.

This hyperemia would necessarily contribute to the processes of repair and to phagocytic activity, by which is meant the destruction of bacteria by the white cells of the blood. Welch and Williams have found an increase in the white cells as an effect of high altitude, and Bartel, Hager, Macfarlane and Williams have seen in this phenomenon a defensive demonstration whenever it occurs in the course of tuberculosis.

Why go to Colorado or Davos if the same altitude can be attained over New York or Chicago?

There can be no quibbling over the value of altitude in the treatment of tuberculosis. We know very well where most of the modern sanatoria are located. We know that cold is not felt acutely at high altitudes owing to the fact that a rarefied atmosphere facilitates the passage of heat-rays; we know that the mobility and extensibility of the thorax increase; and we know that in addition to an enhancement of the blood supply of the blood there is a reinforcement of the phagocytes. Von Murell has argued that residence at high altitudes favors proliferation of pulmonary connective tissue, "the true reparative process in phthisis," in the words of Fishberg. The latter expert states that a pleural effusion showing no tendency to absorption will usually disappear after a stay in the mountains, and he is

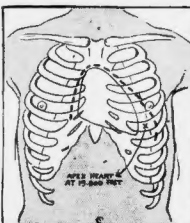


Diagram Showing the Greatly Increased Dilatation of the Heart Caused by the Deficiency of Oxygen at High Altitudes. The Solid Line Shows the Heart's Percussion Outline at Sea Level; the Broken Line, the Outline at an Elevation of 19,400 Feet. The Dilatation of the Heart Raises the Blood Pressure Which in Tuberculosis is Always Abnormally Low.

Half Naked Children Taking the "Snow and Sun" Cure in the Swiss Alps—a Rigid Form of Treatment Which the Floating Air Hospitals Will Make Unnecessary.

not inclined to over-estimate the good effects of high altitude. Faurian thinks that pulmonary hemorrhage is less frequent at high altitudes than at the level of the sea, while Fishberg has noted that some patients, distressed by blood in the sputum, lose their tendency to this accident in the mountains.

Theoretically, increased blood pressure and pulmonary hyperemia ought to favor hemorrhage, but the facts controvert this idea. Fishberg has been unsuccessful in trying to detect a rise of pressure before the onset of bleeding. Many who bleed probably have a very low blood pressure. Abnormally low blood pressure is the rule in tuberculosis.

The subjects of tuberculosis might be trained to continue the personnel of our proposed aerial mail service, to make meteorological observations, and to pilot coast lines, river courses, etc. In other words, useful and remunerative service might be con-



joined with therapeutic flying and balloon work. The problem of healthful employment for the tuberculous, always a difficult one, could perhaps be partially solved in this manner.

The Medical Research Board of the United States Army might very well turn its attention now to this phase of experimental therapy. Tuberculous medical officers and soldiers and others similarly afflicted should make up the first crews. They would be far happier in the air than cramped up in some government sanatorium, and would be more likely to get well.

Turning from the subject of controlled altitude therapy in tuberculosis, let us consider the possibilities with respect to pernicious and other grave anemias. Our clinical resources, including transfusion, are by no means successful in these deplorable states. It seems to the writer that a great hope hangs up in the light of the reports from the Research Laboratory at Minotola (Army Air Service), for the workers there have noted hemoglobin in creases of from four to nine per cent in many of the men even after short flights.

May it not be that in gradual acclimatization of our perniciously anemic patients to high altitudes, maintained for considerable periods of time, we shall find the blood-making stimulus so far undiscovered by our interests? For such work the balloon would probably serve a better practical purpose than the aeroplane.

How Surprising Miss Mortimer Ran Her Own Romance After

Miss Edith Mortimer—Now the Countess di Zoppola—in One of the Fast Racing Cars Which Her Father Gave Her to Keep Her Mind Off Foreign Lands and on, He Hoped, Good Americans.

The True Love Match of Long Island's Most Fashionable and Beautiful Speeder Which Proves Again That Hearts Cannot Be Driven This Way or That Like an Automobile

WHEN not long ago the announcement of the engagement of Miss Edith Mortimer, daughter of the very fashionable and wealthy Stanley Mortimers, of New York, Long Island and Newport, to an Italian soldier-soldierman, the Count di Zoppola, was published, that society of which the Mortimers are an important part was much surprised.

Those who knew of the five-year-old battle between Miss Mortimer's papa and mamma in the matter of the right kind of a bridegroom for Miss Edith were astonished in different ways. Those who had backed Mr. Mortimer's campaign for an upstanding American man, and who knew by what subtle engine methods he had endeavored to impress his choice upon his surprising daughter, drew almost exclamatory.

And those who had sympathized with Mrs. Mortimer's equally determined campaign for a titled husband were just as amazed—for it was not long before it became whispered that although here in general was the kind of a mate she had thought her daughter should choose, Mrs. Mortimer had apparently never met and never heard of the Count di Zoppola before Miss Edith told her that she was engaged to be married to him.

The count was abroad at the time of the announcement, and everybody, including, it is said, Miss Mortimer's mamma and papa, waited with intense interest his arrival as shortly after which as possible the interested daughter had announced she was to become his countess.

And when he did arrive there were few who knew much more than they did before. He was a count. His first name was Mario and he had fought bravely in the Italian air service, this much was told. But as to his pedigree, the exploits of his ancestors, the family history and the holdings of the di Zoppolas, there was deep and dense silence. Looking him up in the *Annuario di Götto* brought no results. There was nothing about him there. Those who made inquiries at the Italian consulate in New York and even went so far as to sound the Italian embassy in Washington, were met by the reply that the count was certainly a count and had every right to the title. Any further questionings were politely, of course, but still firmly designated as impertinent.

It was an exceedingly remarkable wedding in many respects. There was this mystery about the bridegroom; there was

"Marry an American," said Papa "and all these are yours!"

the bride, freed from a homicide charge a few weeks previously, strikingly, nay, dazzlingly handsome, wearing a gown of lustrous white satin, priceless old point lace and superb pearls. A gown that made every conservative dowager gasp because of its extreme, one might say excessive, décolletage.

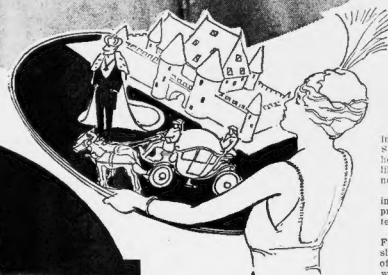
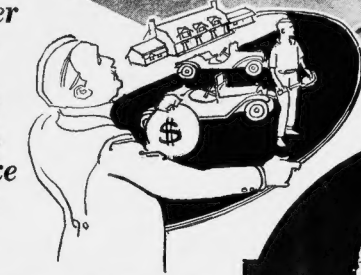
The wedding was remarkable also for the freedom with which the bride, some of her bridesmaids and a great majority of her guests walked about the beautiful grounds puffing at cigarettes. To quote one of the men who had served overseas, "the smoke haze was laid down early and kept going to the very end." Which, by the way, is a fashion imported from London.

It can be readily seen that there was much to talk about both during and after this unusual wedding. And naturally there were plenty of women, and men, too, who related the history of the long conflict between Stanley Mortimer's ideals and those of his wife. Although the active contest was of but five years' duration, the foundations were laid shortly after Edith's eighth birthday.

Mrs. Mortimer was the oldest daughter of the late Valentine Hall, of New York, who was descended from the Livingstons of Livingston Manor and several signers of our Declaration of Independence. Her background, therefore, was staunchly American for more than a century. Her younger sister, Maude, a noted beauty, married Laurence Waterbury, the polo player, and another sister became Mrs. Forbes Morgan. In no way was there any foreign connection or background. Mrs. Mortimer, even as a debutante, thirty years ago, adored the formalities of court life. She was taken abroad her first debutante Summer and presented at the English court and went out a great deal in conservative London society. She went to France, Germany and Italy on her wedding trip and fell in love with continental society. Her mother had no patience with her and frequently said, "Elizabeth would rather live abroad than in America; I can't understand her."

When the little girl Edith, who was even then remarkable for her great dark eyes and exotic coloring, was eight years of age Mrs. Mortimer took her abroad to be educated. From that time on they were in this country only a few weeks or, at most, three months at a time. Gradually Mrs. Mortimer became greatly enamored

of Switzerland and spent nearly every winter at St. Moritz. There was the most interesting continental society at this fashionable resort, and by the time Edith was ready to come several princes, a dozen dukes and any number of lesser nobles, representing



The Count and Countess di Zoppola

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Own Romance After

Mrs. Mortimer sang of the delightful manners and the distinguished charms of Russian princes and French marquises and the sturdy good sense of English dukes, combined with their great landed properties. Mr. Mortimer expatiated on the bowdoinness of European and English titles after this war would be over, and explained carefully that dual estates and continental chateaux would have to be sold to pay the expenses of the war and the consequent reconstruction.

Things were becoming difficult for Mrs. Mortimer because, of course, she was forced to stay in American atmosphere. She found that young Edith, "handsome as a young god," to quote a gushing debutante was in the house every day and almost all day. She knew that her husband favored the heir to the Fair fortune, and while she liked him—well, he was not a continental nobleman.

"He can't give you a mellow old chateau in France and children who will wear proud titles," she lamented to her daughter, toward the lady.

"He can give you a splendid house in Fifth avenue, one of the most beautiful show places in Newport, several blocks of San Francisco real estate, and children who will be Americans of the purest strain," was Stanley Mortimer's urge to his only girl.

Fortunately for Mrs. Mortimer's peace of mind, the European Allies began sending missions to America, and naturally the high-born members of the British, French and Italian missions gravitated toward the lady.

There was the fascinating French officer, for example, Captain Mervin Pous, the military attaché of the French mission. He and Miss Mortimer were inseparable. In fact, Captain Pous was with her the day she ran into and killed two men on a Long Island roadway.

Miss Mortimer's prowess as a motor driver was due to her father's desire to cure her of her intense fondness for the Winter sports at St. Moritz. Whenever she swooned most faintly as to the empty loneliness of life in American friendliness, her father shipped a new and always a heavier-powered car into the garage, until the day came when Miss Mortimer could do ninety miles an hour and was the dread of all Long Island.

The Captain was recalled to France, the armistice was signed, and gradually all of the visiting foreigners went their way homeward. The gold seemed left to Mr. Mortimer and his American aspirants.

In the dead calm that followed both Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer took fresh grips on affairs and prepared for a prolonged conflict. Then one day Mrs. Mortimer walked into her father's library, waving a foreign letter.

"I am engaged, dad," she said, "to an adorable and adoring Italian!" Business looking furtive and so forth on Stanley Mortimer's part.

"It's no use, dad; he's the Count Mario di Zoppola, and he's coming over in June to meet you and marry me. You know him for years."

In a way Mrs. Mortimer did not make this match. She would have chosen a better-known, a more distinguished nobleman if she had had the opportunity. Miss Mortimer and her own picking in the end.

Mrs. Mortimer's grandchildren will be little Italians; they will live in an old palace, a flower-bung villa somewhere in Italy; they will be count and countesses. Her heart's desire is accomplished. As for Mr. Mortimer, he came to no search at the last, as his wife knew the world, and settled a satisfactory dowry in his daughter's purse. But he has sold the beautiful estate so bought for her on Long Island and has made no plans for his future grandchildren.

Science Invites Us to Be Kind to Snakes

U. S. Department
of Agriculture
Experts Appeal
to the Public
to Stop Killing
Harmless
Reptiles and
Save Millions
of Dollars
Worth of Loss
from Creatures
the Snakes
Would
Destroy



Science Believes This Is Why We Hate Snakes.
An Unusual Photograph of a Monkey Mother Asleep with Her Babe; While a Stealthy Serpent Steals Upon Her. Long Ages of Similar Experiences When Man Lived in Trees, Science Says, Is Responsible for Our Instinctive Abhorrence of the Reptile.

By Dr. W. H. Ballou.

THE United States Department of Agriculture experts are asking the people to refrain from killing harmless snakes. California has passed a law protecting the gopher snake of that State, and Doctor Snakes Club is carrying on the campaign of education have been formed by the dozen in that commonwealth. In New York City a Reptile Study Society has been organized for the same purpose of being kind to mankind's legendary worst enemy. Legislation similar to that passed by California is being considered in other parts of the country.

What is it that has so changed opinion upon the creature whose share was taken away by Scripture, by the Prince of Evil to tempt Mother Eve, but the reputation for which almost universally shared by man kind comes really, science says, from the long ages when man's hairy progenitors were still roosting in the trees of the primeval forests, and were the constant prey of serpents, both of ground and tree-climbing varieties. The serpents lay in wait for their shaggy ancestors of ours, when they slithered along the trails, and they crept silently upon them through the sheltering branches of the trees. Consequently, snakes were, the human fear and abhorrence of the snake is perhaps the oldest, it is not only pre-natal, but pre-human; ingrained within us.

What has been discovered, then, of the crawling yellow that can conceivably end man's ancient feud with them?
This that snakes eat various and sundry elements of man, of, rather, enemies of his food supply.

"Kill a snake"—this is one of the aphorisms of the Reptile Study Society and is supported by the Government—"and you destroy ten pounds of wheat, because the number of rats and mice that would eat that much wheat in a year are, just the number one snake would itself eat."

The defense for the snakes lies the following points:

1. They feed on insects, slugs, snails, etc., that destroy grains, vegetables and fruit.
2. They feed on moles and gophers—the latter a plague of the West, resembling a cross between squirrel and prairie dog—which destroy lawns and gardens.
3. They feed on rats and mice, which not only destroy foodstuffs, but carry disease.
4. Some species, such as the king snakes, live almost exclusively on rattlesnakes, copperheads, moccasins and other poisonous varieties. They are immune to

the poison of these reptiles; but we do not know why and we wish we could find out. The bill of indictment against them is this:

1. The poisonous ones are mighty bad to come into contact with.
2. All serpents produce in most of us the most unpleasant of sensations.
3. They catch birds and eat them, particularly song birds.
4. As against this defense offers in evidence that our domestic cats kill and devour more than all the snakes do and are not a fraction as useful. Therefore, if this point is sufficient to sign the death warrant of the serpent, it ought doubly to sign that of the cat.
5. They rob birds' nests, eating the eggs, particularly of species that nest on the ground. Snakes can, and do, to some extent climb up trees and rob nests that are low down. At the same time a snake exposing himself while robbing a nest, is likely to be seized by a hawk—so that nature nicely balances matters.
6. The snake is carrier of at least two fatal diseases. It is subject to cancer. Cancer, however, can only be ingested in humans by eating the snake that has it—and humans do not eat snakes. It contracts the jungle fever, pyroplasmids, from ticks to which it is not immune. It seems to be immune to ticks that exist in the localities where it lives. But if we do not handle the snakes we do not get the ticks.

Of our many species of harmless snakes, not one can make an effective bite larger than a pin prick. This is because the harmless types have teeth set solid in the sockets, adapted for seizing and swallowing. Poisonous snakes, on the contrary, have movable fangs in front of their solid set teeth, with which they can make only shallow bites. Of all our harmless snakes the adders, which flatten out their heads, hiss and constrict themselves menacingly are the greatest buffers. Also they are among the most shocking to touch.

Here are our harmless snakes: We have one born on the Pacific coast. We have eleven species of striped, or garter snakes, the females of some of which produce as many as seventy-five young alive. All are affectionate and in confinement are tamed. They are the very last species to go into Winter sleep, remaining in the open until the soil actually freezes. It is one of the anomalies of reptiles that the poisonous snakes are so sensitive to cold, so ardent for heat, that they retire into the deepest recesses of rocks or punk logs and stabs at the very first Autumn chill.

Pennsylvania, one of the most prolific sections for rattlers, has at least one large snakeskin tannery and keeps boats of people slaughtering rattlesnakes. Idaho, however, is the banner rattlesnake section of the country. Idaho has great ridges of rocks, in which are deep bowls, cracks and caves. Herein rattlers breed by the several thousands and offer a vast industry for rattler harvesters. I entered one of these pits on a hot August day. The rattlers were shedskins, their skins were fairly covered the floor. My presence passed unnoticed by them, as all were blind while their coats were coming off.

Curator Dillman, of Bronx Zoo, one of the world's greatest snake experts, says: "The largest and most dangerous North American species is the diamond-back rattlesnake, common to the southeastern portion of the United States. It grows to a length of over eight feet and attains the greatest weight of any known poisonous

One of the Useful Activities of the Snake—Dining on a Destructive Disease-Carrying Rat Which It Has Killed. (And Below) Another Useful Serpent Activity—A King Snake Destroying a Poisonous Viper. The King Snake Is Harmless to Man.

serpent. The bite of this terrible brute is usually fatal, often within less than an hour's time.

"Practically every part of the United States is inhabited by one or more species of rattlesnakes, which, in conjunction with the eastern copperhead and spicosein, constitute a formidable array of dangerous snakes. There are 111 species of snakes in this country, of which only 17 species are poisonous. The majority of the poisonous species are found in southern latitudes, yet venomous snakes are actually more common in sections of Pennsylvania and New York than in the South."

In the eastern States are the timber rattlesnakes and copperheads. In the Middle West is the prairie rattler, and in the far western States the Pacific rattlesnake. In the southern States is the deadly water moccasin, our most dangerous snake. In southern border States are two species of coral, or poisonous, snakes related to the Asiatic cobra. In the southwestern States, which are sparsely populated, are nine

species of rattlesnakes, under the local names of Edwards', black-tailed, red, tiger, horned, green, Texas, Price's and white. In central United States is the massasauga rattler. In the south-east are the pigmy and diamond-back rattlers.

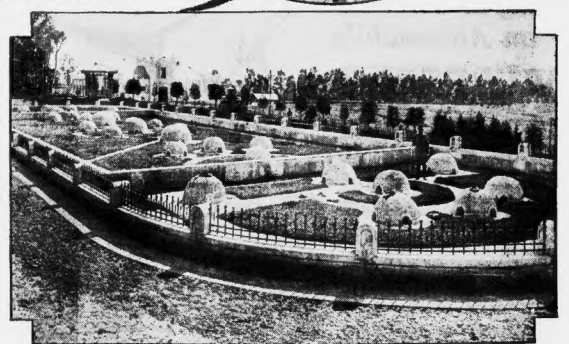
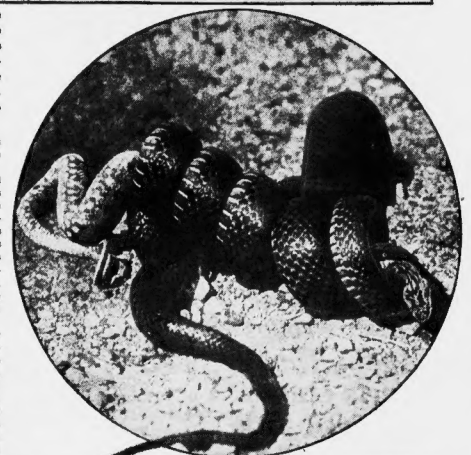
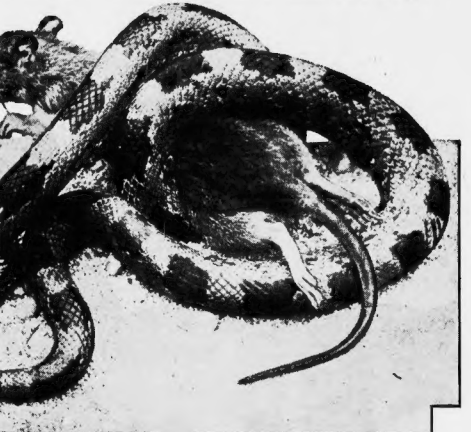
Not only the human family, but the apex have instinctive fear of snakes, more or less developed according to the individual.

Pycraft, the English scientist, made an apt demonstration. He carried some snakes, then brought in, one at a time, different species of apes. All apes, including the most terrible of them, the gorilla, trembled and were exceedingly nervous in the presence of even the caged snakes. Query did a mouse nibble Eve's heel?—after almost all Eve's daughters lay on chairs when a mouse comes around looking for cheese?

How many snakes have we to conserve? Allowing two billion square acres for the United States, and an average of ten snakes to the acre, we have 20,000,000,000 serpents to commence conservation with. It must be remembered that our snakeskin areas are more than compensated for by rocky and mountainous regions, where a single acre often swarms with thousands of snakes.

A female snake, whether she lays eggs or gives birth to her young, will produce from twelve to seventy-five progeny per year according to species, garter snakes being the most prolific. Allowing half the above population to be females, producing an average of thirty young annually, and we have an increase each year of 300,000,000 snakes for the entire country.

An infant snake emerges into the world a complete snake, however small in size, or gives birth to her young, will produce from twelve to seventy-five progeny per year according to species, garter snakes being the most prolific. Allowing half the above population to be females, producing an average of thirty young annually, and we have an increase each year of 300,000,000 snakes for the entire country.



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A Snake Mother with a Hatching of Eggs—the Snake Although Extremely Prolific Has More Enemies to Guard Against Than All of the Rest of the Animals Combined, Say Scientists. (And Above) A Snake City in Brazil Where the Rattlers and Other Poisonous Varieties Are Kept Like Pet Dogs for the Sake of Their Venom Which Is Used by Medical Scientists for Various Purposes.

to show affection long, as her young soon scatter, either to be seized and eaten by other animals or to escape all hazards and live long on the fat of the land.
If snake conservation could be carried out fully, that is, if all snakes born hereafter could be free from all enemies, in twenty years America would be one vast snake den, with some six to ten trillion snakes to its credit, and there would arise loud calls for a St. Patrick.
Certainly the snakes destroy certain demons that possess us.
But there are verses in the Bible that tell about a man possessed of demons who had them cast out—but, alas, others warned in their place—and lo, that man's last state was worse than his first!

Her Love Life Wrecked by the Carranza Code of Honor

How the Bride of the Mexican President's Youthful Cousin Found Her Honeymoon Unexpectedly Eclipsed by the Family Custom That Holds a Man's First Duty Is Not to His Wife but to His Mother

WHOM should a man love more—his wife or his mother? To which one of these should he cleave, leaving all others?

The question would seem to have been answered by custom, by codified custom, which is the law, and by the Book, which is the bulwark of civilization.

But again it has been opened—and in a most unusual fashion. Can a family's code take precedence? The courts of New York have been asked to pass their judgment upon the question. The cause of this revolution of established ideas is a pair of nearly children. A broad-browed, mustered, black-haired youth of Cuba, Ernesto Carranza, and a fair-haired girl with once-smiling now tear-filled blue eyes, a girl of American birth and Swedish origin, Jean Troupman.

They met, they loved, they married. There, by ordinary laws of the state, the curtain should have been rung down. But instead, it rises on another act, which promises to be a great climax because of the code of honor in which he had been brought up. Mrs. Carranza has brought suit against her father-in-law, the cousin of President Carranza of Mexico, and her mother-in-law, a member of the enormous, wealthy Molino family of Mexican planters and bankers, for half a million dollars. She has charged them with conspiracy against her happiness in marriage.

The case is practically unique. "I am making no charge of alienation of affections," says the blue-eyed bride, who, like Nibbs, is all tears. "They didn't alienate his affections, for they couldn't. He said to me a hundred times what he said to me the night we parted. 'I have faith in me. You are the only woman I can ever love. I will come back.' But they took him back to his home in Cuba. I want him back. If I cannot have him they must pay me half a million of their many million dollars."

"I am your wife, dear. Your place is with me," said the bride on the fateful night of their parting.

"You are my wife and my most beloved," he answered. "But my duty is to my dear mother. So it has been taught me. If I do not so with my madre she may die."

There is something to be said, of course, for the Carranza side of the matter. The continental marriage, in which the parents pick out the bride for their son or the bridegroom for their daughter, has never found foothold in America, but abroad it is very real. Indeed, and in no country does this custom hold more strongly than among the aristocratic classes of Spain—to which, of course, the Carranza family, both in Mexico and in Cuba, belongs. In all such arrangements, son and daughter are very little considered, if at all—the theory being that the parents know what is best for them in this most important contract.

It necessarily follows then that the mother and the father assume a position in the minds of those brought up under this code which is hard to understand by Americans.

A considerable sympathy may certainly be extended to both the bridegroom in this case and the parents of the bridegroom. For the son thrust into the American ideal—or, rather, through his environment losing such close touch with the Spanish ideal—assumes for a time the American viewpoint. But when he is confronted by his parents, all his old habits, all his teaching and training arise to torment him. And at the same time the family, through their customs, cannot look upon a wife, chosen contrary to their code, in the same sympathetic light that people who believe in free choice in marriage do.

At any rate, whatever the right or wrong of it may be, after young Carranza's announcement tears flowed like rivers in the room of the two in a Broadway hotel.

The bride crowded in an arm chair beside the window, looking upon West Forty-ninth street, and mourned. The bridegroom flung himself upon the couch and went as a little boy weeps when his toy ship or his train of cars has been crushed by a careless foot. That is precisely what his family maintains he is—a heartbroken little boy.

There is confusion in the family circle as to the boy's age. "He is twenty-two," says the bride. "He told me he registered in 1918." "He is eighteen," thunders Luis Carranza, his father, the plantation owner and importer. "My poor baby," sobb Senora Carranza, who was once Senorita Molino. "He is only seventeen." What has become of the bridegroom? "What are you saying? He is only the knots in the



Mrs. Carranza in Her Honeymoon Going Away Dress.

cluster of knots which the grave Supreme Court of New York must cut with its judicial saw.

"The girl is older than my son. She married him for his money," avers Luis Carranza, who is bringing suit for annulment because his son is of too tender an age for marriage.

"Married him for his money?" retorts the younger Mrs. Carranza. "If I weren't always crying I would laugh. He was a college boy who had spent all his allowance when I met him. I sold my fur for \$125 and pawned my diamonds for \$700 and spent that and all my salary with the 'Listen Lester' company and all my savings for our support. My two months of married life cost me in cash \$1,615."

"She is a dreadful, quite impossible wife for my baby boy," says the Senora Carranza.

"My mother-in-law has never seen me.

Mrs. Ernesto Carranza, Who Cannot Sue Her Husband's Wealthy Family for the Alienation of His Affections Because, as She Says, He Loves Her Still—but Is Suing Them for Half a Million Dollars in an Effort to Regain Possession of Her Bridegroom.

He Flung Himself Upon the Couch and Wept. "I Must Leave You. I Have Been Taught That My First Duty Is to My Mother!" He Sobbed.

Ernesto Carranza, President Carranza's Young Cousin.

the table at which sat the golden-haired girl in the tailored suit. "Here comes Ernesto Carranza, nephew or cousin, something of that kind of President Carranza." A young man in the party went forward to meet the young man with the lustrous black hair, the broad brow and the molten eyes.

"Miss Troupman, may I present Senor Carranza?" Senor Carranza, if you have come from the Kalkreuth Theatre you say and heard Miss Troupman.

It was enough. Few words, carefully noted, but they were the beginning of a new epoch in two hearts.

Senor Carranza found an interested and inquiring listener in fair Miss Troupman. He told her of his life on a sugar plantation in Cuba.

"I should like to see Havana," he said. "So may be."

"I should like to," she answered.

"Perhaps, some day," smiled the black-haired youth.

The smile seemed delighted, but affable though he was, he was a talebearer. Shortly after he visited to Poughkeepsie came a frantic letter bearing the postmark "Havana."

"Your mother is prostrated. This blow may kill her," was the gist of the message. Instead, to become a business man. And he had gone to Eastman Business College

in Poughkeepsie. In a few months he would be able to assist his father in his exporting business. What did she think? She told him she thought his plan was "very nice." She told him that while all women women preferred the home sphere, their preference counted for little if there was no such sphere to fill. In her case there had been no such sphere to fill. She had done what she could with the talents with which she was endowed. She had gone on the stage.

Planted in the soil of youth, friendship is of quick growth. Love, too, is of quick maturity.

Young Carranza and Miss Troupman clasped hands as friends when they parted at the door of the theatre. A few more months and their lips met in the kiss of love. A month and they were engaged. Two months more and they were wed.

It had been their wish to keep the marriage secret until he had finished his business course at the college at Poughkeepsie and he had entered his father's office. But in Brooklyn lived the bridegroom's son.

To that uncle the bridegroom paid occasional dutiful visits. From the young man and their lips met in the kiss of love. A month and they were engaged. Two months more and they were wed.

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"Mia madre," he sobbed. "Mia madre, mato ella!"

"What are you saying, Ernesto?" begged his bride. "Say it in English."

"My mother," he wept. "I kill her."

"How?"

"By my marriage to you."

"But why?"

"She says I am so muchacho."

"What is that?"

"Her little boy."

She tried to comfort him. She dried his tears. But other letters arrived by each Cuban mail. After each letter there was an outbreak of stormy grief.

The boy, torn between love and duty, could stand no longer. He gave up the course in the Poughkeepsie college which was to have made him a business man. The boarder was cast aside. Senor and Senora Carranza lived in a hotel on a side street in New York and the bride continued to work.

One evening Ernesto Carranza drew from his pocket a cablegram. "My mother is coming from Havana," he said. "She will be here to-morrow."

"You will go to see her, of course," said the bride.

"I must. She is my mother."

"And you will leave me and go with her?"

"To paced the floor. He wrung his hands. "I do not know," he said. "She is my mother. Always I have been taught that my first duty is to my mother."

The proud Senora arrived. Her son met her at the St. Regis. He remained there save for one runaway visit to his wife, on her door there was tapping she knew. She opened it.

"Ernesto," she cried. "You have come back to me."

"Mia cara," he said. "It is to say goodbye. My first duty is to my mother. Have faith in me. You are the only woman I shall ever love."

They wept in each other's arms. They kissed each other fondly. At the door the bridegroom looked back. "Adia la vista," he said through his tears.

"He meant until I see you again," says Mrs. Carranza the younger. "He will come back if he can. But I fear they won't let him. The next day my mother-in-law took him to Havana. I have not heard from him since. I want him back. If I can't have him they must pay me half a million of their many millions."

The courts, then, must decide whether Ernesto Carranza owes the greater allegiance to his wife or his mother. It must answer the question, "How old is Ernesto?"

The younger Mrs. Carranza has asked alimony from her father-in-law. The Supreme Court has denied it, saying, "There is no precedent for a man paying alimony to his wife or his mother. The father threatens to have the marriage annulled because his son is a minor."

In Havana the bridegroom weeps. In New York the bride weeps and says: "My life is being crushed in the conflict between Latin and Anglo-Saxon ideals of domestic duty. But I have the Bible on my side. And I think the law will support me."

What Happened After the

How the Death of Pretty Billie Carleton Poisoned. Has Led to Revelations of Life Dissipations Which Have Startled A and Stirred the Po



Billie Carleton, whose unfortunate and untimely death served a useful purpose in cleaning up London's dens of iniquity.

CHAPTER VIII.

(Continued from Last Sunday)
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THE first result of the disclosures following the death of Billie Carleton was the raiding of the opium den of Lo Ping You, of Limehouse Causeway. This was done by the London police while the coroner was holding his inquest.

It had been brought out in the testimony before the coroner that Billie Carleton had obtained cocaine and probably other drugs at an opium den kept by Lo Ping You in London's Chinatown. It had also been discovered that this Chinaman was married to a British wife, who had become very skillful in preparing crude opium for smoking. Olive Richardson, the actress, brought in the name of Mrs. Lo Ping You, and declared that de Veuille had told her that he was obtaining supplies of cocaine from the woman.

On the occasion of the notorious opium smoking party which Billie Carleton organized in de Veuille's flat it turned out that Mrs. Lo Ping You was the central figure in preparing the opium and serving the men and women who lay about on the floor in the opium stupor.

Both Lo Ping You, the Chinaman, aged twenty-four, and his Scottish wife, Ada Ping You, aged twenty-eight, who were arrested after the dramatic evidence given at the inquest on Miss Billie Carleton, were arraigned, one at the Thames Police Court and the other at the Marlborough street Police Court, on charges connected with the opium traffic.

The Chinaman pleaded guilty to a charge of having opium in his possession without authority and with having also an opium smoking pipe and other utensils.

Mrs. Lo Ping You, who is known as "Mrs. Ping," was charged with supplying prepared opium to Miss Billie Carleton and further with being in possession of opium and of prepared opium for smoking at 16 Dover street.

Mr. Musckett, who prosecuted the prisoners, said that a month or two ago, in the flat at Dover street which was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. de Veuille, disgusting orgies took place, on one occasion extending from Saturday night until early in the Sunday afternoon.

"On the occasion of the Victory Ball at the Albert Hall on November 27," continued Mr. Musckett, "Miss Billie Carleton was in attendance with a number of friends. She left with her party in the early hours of next morning, Thursday, and retired to bed in due course. She was found dead in bed in the afternoon. To assist the coroner and coroner's jury the police were instructed to make such investigation as they could—and it has been a difficult task owing to the surroundings of the case—with a view to seeing if any of the responsible persons could be brought to justice. What proceedings may be taken when a full investigation is made I cannot say.

"The instance, badly stated, on which this charge is supported are: For the fortnight previous to September 22 Miss Billie Carleton was residing with Reginald de Veuille and his wife in his flat at 16 Dover street. On the night of Saturday, either September 7 or 14, arrangements were made for a party to assemble at this flat for the purpose of smoking opium and reducing themselves to a state which results from smoking this particular drug. The party being assembled—Mr. de Veuille and his wife were

Miss Malvina Longfellow, the actress, who realized that her young friend was trifling with fate and did everything in her power to save Billie Carleton from ruin.

there—about 9 o'clock Mrs. Ping You arrived from the East End for the special and specific purpose of preparing opium for smoking.

"The evidence is not satisfactory, in my judgment, that she brought opium for the purpose, otherwise I should have persisted in that particular charge, but I do think I am justified in saying that she supplied it. That there was opium and opium utensils, pipes, lamps, and so on at the flat when she arrived there can be no doubt at all.

"After dinner—Miss Carleton being engaged in her duties at the theatre, I believe—the party adjourned to the drawing room, provided themselves with cushions and pillows, placed these on the floor and distributed themselves there in a circle.

"The men divested themselves of their clothing except their pajamas, and the women clad themselves in chignon night dresses, and in that condition apparently prepared themselves for what I described last week, and what I describe again, as an orgy.

"Later that evening, no doubt after her performance was over, Miss Carleton arrived, and, after disrobing herself, took her place in this circle of degenerates. I call them. In the centre of it Mrs. Ping You officiated. She had opium in the tin and the lamp and the opium needles and all accessories.

"She prepared the opium. She used the needle for the purpose of extracting small portions when it was prepared by the heating up of the small pellets used for the purpose. She placed them on a needle into the bowl of the pipe which is used, one pipe being used by the whole party for inhaling the fumes of this drug. The party remained, apparently in a comatose state, until about 3 o'clock on the following afternoon, Sunday.

Lawyer Matthews, counsel for Mrs. Lo Ping You, put in a plea for clemency for his client, but the presiding magistrate said sternly:

"I do not think that Mr. Musckett in describing this matter has at all exaggerated the gravity of the offence. Mr. Matthews has very properly tried to minimize the part which Mrs. Ping You took in this matter, but, however it may be legally described in the words of the charge, there is no doubt that she took a leading part in the disgusting orgies at the flat. She really acted as high priestess in these unholy rites, and I cannot look upon it in the lenient way which Mr. Matthews suggested. I entirely deny my mind of external matters, but it seems to me serious and disgraceful enough that this orgy had gone on for a number of hours—from 9 o'clock in the evening to 3 in the afternoon of the next day.

"I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that this indulgence in opium is prevalent," continued the magistrate, "and I consider that an example is needed. Mrs. Ping You has

shown repentance, and may help to bring others to justice. The sentence will be five months with hard labor."

Thus Mr. and Mrs. Lo Ping You were the first to fall into the clutches of the law and to begin serving sentences in prison for their part in the opium debaucheries of London.

The readers of this page already know that the coroner's jury, after a short deliberation, had brought in a verdict involving de Veuille in Billie Carleton's death. De Veuille was arrested, indicted and put on trial, but on account of his collapse in court the case was adjourned for two weeks.

It required three days to present the evidence which the government believed warranted de Veuille's conviction for manslaughter for supplying the poison which caused the death of the actress.

Most of the witnesses who testified at the coroner's inquest, and whose evidence has been fully printed in these pages from week to week, were called in the criminal prosecution of de Veuille.

"The facts I submit conclusively prove," said Sir Richard Muir, the prosecuting officer, "that the defendant had for a considerable number of months been supplying Miss Billie Carleton with cocaine—a deadly and dangerous drug. He knew it was dangerous, and if he violated his duty by giving her this thing, how can it be said that he was not guilty of manslaughter? The 'will-o'-the-wisp of veronal' was not such as to render him liable to conviction for manslaughter."

Sir Richard took up the defendant's point that after the medical evidence had failed the conspiracy charge was formulated at a late stage in the proceedings. Dr. Jeyesbury had no doubt that the death of Billie Carleton was due to an overdose of cocaine, and did not waver in his opinion that veronal was not the cause of her death.

The "will-o'-the-wisp of veronal" arose from rumors. She was so happy and full of life that it was not reasonable to suggest that Billie Carleton's death was due to suicide. It followed that if her death was not suicide then it was the result of the defendant's act if he supplied her with cocaine. There remained then only one question, "Did he supply her with the cocaine from which she died?" There was no evidence that she got a single dose from any one else.

In addressing the jury on behalf of the prisoner Mr. Huntly Jenkins referred to Miss Carleton's indulgence in drugs and the illnesses through which she had passed, and begged the jury not too lightly to dismiss the possibility of suicide in the case. They should remember they were dealing with an abnormal woman. He submitted that the evidence both of Dr. Hammetton and Dr. Jeyesbury went no further than to express the opinion that Billie Carleton died of some narcotic drug. "Is that good enough for you," he asked, "when you know all the drugs that have been mentioned in this case and the habits of this young woman?"

Turning to the evidence of Belcher, Mr. Jenkins said: "What he is besides being a cinema actor I don't know, excepting that he is a most dangerous man, and the most dangerous and artful witness. He is clearly a liar, he is clearly a perjurer, and he is clearly a trafficker in drugs. That is what you have got to deal with. He was in about as tight a corner as any man could be in. Belcher ought to be there," went on counsel, pointing to the dock, "and there he would have been but for his clever lying and his position he has taken up. You cannot possibly convict de Veuille while you know that such a man as Belcher was the last person with Billie Carleton. Why should he not have given her the cocaine?"

Even assuming that de Veuille did supply the cocaine, was he guilty of manslaughter? That was a very difficult point on which the judge would have to direct the jury. Assuming he was doing an illegal act, counsel's submission was that no act of the defendant caused Miss Carleton's death. The whole of the evidence clearly pointed to the fact that Miss Carleton either by design or inadvertently caused her own death.

Commenting on the charge of conspiracy, Mr. Jenkins said that this was put forward at the coroner's inquest in order that the Crown might have a second barrel ready for the accused if the first one failed. He admitted, and was willing to admit frankly, that he had bought drugs from the woman Lo Ping You.

In summing up the judge said that in order to warrant a conviction the prosecution must establish three things to the jury's satisfaction. First, they must be satisfied that the death of Miss Carleton was caused by an accidental overdose of cocaine; next they must be satisfied that the accused supplied her with that cocaine; and, lastly, they must be satisfied that the act of the accused in supplying her with that cocaine was the cause of her death.

The presence of cocaine in the swabs was a matter of

the gravest importance, and although it did not prove she died from that poison, it proved that she had recently administered to herself a considerable dose of the drug. All the indications, without being conclusive, were consistent with death by cocaine, and it was certain she had recently taken it.

Dealing with the suggestion that death was due to veronal, the judge said it would have been necessary for her to have taken it on the previous day, and it was not likely that she would have been able to give her theatre performances and go to the ball under such conditions. If they were satisfied that death was due to cocaine, was it accidentally administered, or did she intentionally take her own life? People did not usually take their lives without a reason. Miss Carleton was young, and seemed to be amply supplied with money. She had pawned her jewels, but \$5,000 was immediately forthcoming for their redemption. A woman who spent \$750 on dresses and \$100 on flowers could not be said to be financially exhausted. Her theatrical prospects were good, and up to the last she was in high spirits, full of life, and looking forward to the future.

The judge here took up a small phial which contained a few grains of white powder. "I thought some mistake had been made," he said, "when it was stated this was a fatal dose of cocaine. But it was not a mistake, and to take the drug in such a casual manner between the finger and thumb makes it amazing to me that accidents do not happen much more frequently."

The judge said Belcher was a very unsatisfactory witness, who admitted lying before the coroner. Were they satisfied that de Veuille supplied the fatal dose of cocaine to Miss Carleton? There might be evidence of other trafficking in the drug, but they must be satisfied on that or two other women clapped their hands, but if he supplied the cocaine he was entitled to be acquitted unless they were satisfied that his act in supplying her with cocaine was the real, efficient and immediate cause of death.

After listening to the summing up of the lawyers and to the remarks by Lord Sutherland, the jury retired for fifty minutes to consider their verdict.

On their return the clerk of the court put the question: "Are you agreed on your verdict; do you find Reginald de Veuille guilty or not guilty of manslaughter?" The Foreman, "We find him not guilty."

There was a buzz of excitement in the hitherto silent court, and immediately a woman's shrill scream penetrated the building. It was Mrs. de Veuille, the accused man's wife, who collapsed in a corner of the court, and one or two other women clapped their hands, but this outburst was immediately suppressed. The accused looked very pale, and trembled slightly when the jury returned to give their verdict, and gave a gasp of relief when he heard the result of their deliberations.

Mrs. de Veuille was removed in a fainting condition from the court, and restoratives were applied to her. She quickly recovered. Her husband joined her, and in about five minutes the two left the building by a side door.

But another charge in the indictment yet remained to be tried—the charge of illegal trafficking in poisonous drugs. The prosecuting officers had failed to prove that it was de Veuille's hand that supplied the drug that killed Billie Carleton. But there was abundant evidence to convict de Veuille on the other charge of possession of large quantities of forbidden drugs.

Having failed to convict de Veuille of manslaughter, the prosecuting attorney, Sir Richard Muir, at once proceeded with the prosecution of the prisoner on the remaining charge of conspiring with Mrs. Lo Ping You to obtain and traffic in cocaine and illegal drugs.

"Ping" had already been convicted and sentenced. It now remained to convict de Veuille.

Sir Richard Muir said the charge was one of conspiracy to contravene the provisions of Regulation 403 of the Defence of the Realm Regulations, which prohibited all traffic in cocaine by persons who were not authorized persons and even by authorized persons in a manner not authorized by the regulation. The facts were exceedingly simple. The witness Belcher spoke of having met Mrs. Lo Ping You, who lived at 24 Limehouse Causeway, at a party which took place at the prisoner's flat in Dover street.

Before the coroner the prisoner discussed with him the quality of the cocaine he was getting from Mrs. Lo Ping You, and that Belcher offered to get him cocaine of a stronger and purer kind. The woman Richardson also spoke of the prisoner having discussed with her the cocaine he was getting from Mrs. Lo Ping You, while "McGinty," another witness, spoke of Mrs. Lo Ping You as being a weekly visitor at the prisoner's flat, where "McGinty" was housemaid, and also to the fact that "McGinty" herself had given three occasions to Limehouse Causeway with many given over by the prisoner for the express purpose of fetching cocaine.

Before the coroner the prisoner said, "I took it (cocaine) for a time, then stopped it altogether, and then took it again. I bought it from a Chinese woman and

Gay Victory Ball

Mysteriously
London Night
England

...to Clean Up
...the Plague Spots
...of the
British Capital



"After dinner the party adjourned to the drawing room, provided themselves with cushions and pillows, placed these on the floor and distributed themselves there in a circle. The men divested themselves of their clothing, except their pajamas, and the women clad themselves in chiton night

dressings. When Miss Carleton arrived she, after disrobing herself, took her place in this circle, and in the centre of it Mrs. Lo Ping You officiated with the opium, the lamp and the opium needles."—From the Address of the Prosecuting Attorney in the Trial of de Veulle.

police also had information of the same kind that civilians were being infected with the same habit. But the most pressing matter was the deterioration of the health of the army as a result of the traffic.

The result was that on May 11, 1916, a regulation prohibiting the traffic was made, and in the following July the prohibition was extended to civilians. No arrests were made for the sales of that pernicious drug during 1917. In the beginning of November last information was received by Scotland Yard that de Veulle was trafficking in cocaine with Billie Carleton.

Inquiries were made in connection with that for nearly a month before Billie Carleton's death. There was no evidence that he had trafficked in cocaine with any other person than Billie Carleton. Since the inquest on Billie Carleton began, on December 2, it had been found that many other methods of obtaining cocaine had become known. Supplies had been stolen from the Red Cross Society and handed over to persons who had sold it for large prices. Scotland Yard had knowledge of persons who had become criminals, who but for the use of cocaine would have remained honest and trustworthy citizens.

The overwhelming evidence against de Veulle made it plain to him and his lawyer that conviction was certain. De Veulle pleaded "Guilty." It remained then for the judge to pass sentence, which he did in these words:

"You persistently procured quantities of this drug to satisfy the craving of yourself and another. It is perfectly clear that you well knew you were doing what was wrong. Traffic in this deadly drug is a most pernicious thing. It leads to sordid, depraved and disgusting practices. There is evidence in this case that following the practice of this habit are disease, depravity, crime, insanity, despair and death. I do not propose to pass any other sentence than one proportionate to the offense which has been committed. Whatever your character may be, you are entitled to say that you have not been convicted before. Your health, too, is not very good. You must be imprisoned in the Second Division for eight calendar months."

Thus the first definite result of the death of Billie Carleton was achieved when the prison doors closed on Reggie de Veulle and Lo Ping You and his wife, Mrs. Ping. But this was not all. The relentless investigation by the coroner and the wide publication of the startling evidence in the English newspapers stirred up the police authorities and the prosecuting officers. For the first time since the war broke out it was realized that London was utterly demoralized by a widespread carnival of crime unparalleled by anything that had existed before the war.

It was discovered that one of the most terrible aspects of the drug traffic in London was the way in which men and women and even young girls who had led clean, sane and healthy lives were being induced by drug fiends to take the first steps that led to the underworld. For the first time there was discovered in the West End of London an operative organization which was called a Vice Trust for the organized systematic exploitation of vice. The following is a report made on the operation of this Vice Trust:

"The operations of the group are secret, but the various departments of the organization are so directed by the

heads that they play into one another's hands. First comes the specialized house agency that provides the women of the underworld with suitable flats, houses or accommodation.

"Next come the organized interlinked series of gambling halls, which are financed by the same group. The women are expected to bring their clients there, and receive a commission on the transaction. Then there are the night clubs, which act as recruiting offices for the whole of this nefarious traffic, and there is the thriving business of the sale and supply of drugs.

"There are several reasons for the alarming increase in drug-taking. In the first place, war time restrictions on the sale of liquor, and, in particular, the lowering of the quality of the liquor, have stimulated a desire for other forms of excitement and intoxication. The closing of restaurants, the suppression of suppers and the limitation of the evening hours during which alcoholic drinks can be obtained have not stopped the night life, but have driven it to far worse courses.

"In the second place, the drug trade is so profitable that it pays the Vice Trust to develop the cult. A packet of cocaine now worth half a crown can be divided up and sold in little cigarette paper packets at 35 apiece.

"A few ounces of Cannabis Indica compound, the Hashish of the Orient—just the crude commercial preparation of the leaves and flower heads of Indian hemp—fetch almost as much money.

"The distribution is worked through the organization. The main supply is obtained from the wholesale drug houses through the intermediary channel of some corrupt retail chemist or similar agent; and the drugs, made up into small parcels for individual consumption, are supplied to 'runners,' male and female. These frequent the cafes and the night clubs or they can be found at certain hours at specified pavement rendezvous.

"The woman drug fiend is almost invariably a missionary of her vice. She wishes to communicate the habit to her friends and to her clients. The more covert she makes the better the trade and the higher the profit to the Vice Trust. Unfortunately late years have seen an insensible change in social conditions. Ten years ago there was a definite, hard-and-fast line between the woman of this class and the ordinary bohemian woman artist, actress or writer. To-day it is not easy to distinguish the dividing line.

"The young actress or artist may easily get into touch with genuinely vicious and decadent people without realizing that she is slipping on the wrong side of the border line.

"Girls new to the life and innocent of the lures of the underworld meet these absorbingly interesting and apparently wealthy bohemians. Moral infection takes place. They take a pipe or two of opium or a snuff or two of cocaine—and like the adventure. The next time they are dull or bored they naturally turn to it again.

"You will find the woman dope fiend in Chelsea, in Mayfair and Maiden Vale. An obscure traffic is pursued in certain doubtful townships. The sale of certain beauty supplies is only a mask for the illicit traffic in certain drugs.

"A young and attractive girl deeply interested in social conditions and political economy made the acquaintance of another woman through a mutual friend. Within three months she had become a confirmed haunter of a

certain notorious cafe. She had lost her looks and health. Before she closed her miserable existence a bare nine months later she had introduced at least four other decent girls to her practice of vice; and for the last two months of her existence she was acting as a decoy for a notorious gambling hall."

Stirred by the evidence developed at the Billie Carleton inquest, the police discovered that drugs were being hawked about in London on the streets and in notorious cafes in spite of the stringent restrictions of the law.

Pursuing their investigations, hundreds of extraordinary cases were developed by the police. A pitiful story of drug-taking by a young woman of good family was developed at the inquest of Miss Eleanor Boshell, a battlefield nurse, under whose pillow was found a box containing drugs, with an outfit of hypodermic syringes.

Pushing the work of cleaning up London, the police found that the gambling houses and the disreputable resorts were all connected with the drug traffic in one way or another. Most of the disreputable gambling house proprietors had women decoys, who, in some cases, passed their lives and made themselves charming to any rich young man they could get into contact with. A report of a typical case was as follows:

"At one of these gambling houses the mistress of the establishment presides at the supper table and afterward retires to a cosy boudoir in which in the intervals of the game she entertains the star 'mug' of the evening with her sparkling conversation and lustrous orbs.

"The recent conviction of two men well known in the West End for swindling a young officer at chemin-de fer drew attention to the methods which are employed by the shadier class of professional gamblers. They haunt race courses, smart restaurants or night clubs, on the watch for likely prey, and, having got their victim and lured him to their flat or the house of one of their confederates, their mode of procedure is simple almost to crudity.

"They ply the victim with drink until such small modicum of brain as he possesses is hopelessly befuddled, and then they do with him as they will. There was a case recently of a north country sportsman who was picked up at Gatwick races, taken to London and, having been reduced to a condition of hopeless intoxication, sat down to play cards. The following morning he was informed that he had lost \$110,000. He had not the slightest recollection of even having played cards, but to save an expose he drew a check for \$35,000, which the rogues duly collected.

"So greedy were they, however, that even this did not satisfy them, and a short time afterward they issued a writ to recover another \$75,000. This, however, was the last straw, and, having hied himself to a smart solicitor, such a defense was put in that the sharpers abandoned the action."

The full results of the untimely death of Billie Carleton and the revelations which followed will never be known. Drugs in England have become almost impossible to obtain. The vile dens of Chinatown, in the Limehouse District of London, are closed. The gambling dens and vicious resorts have almost all been shut up and scores of notorious men and women of the underworld have been sent away in confinement. Billie Carleton did not waste her young life altogether in vain.

(The End)

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Diana Manners (now Lady Diana Cooper), who was first responsible for the great Victory Ball and who was inexpressibly shocked by the developments of the Billie Carleton inquest that she wrote articles for the press and made addresses to help the crusade of cleaning up the plague spots of London.

Belcher." Some facts on the depositions were not into at all before the jury upon the trial of the prisoner for manslaughter. He referred to the holding of smoking parties at the prisoner's flat and at Belcher's flat. The nature of those parties was that the participating part in them at the prisoner's flat were in their night attire. Mrs. Lo Ping You prepared opium for smoking, and the persons taking part sat cross-legged and smoked the opium in turn. The orgy of the whole night through.

A very similar party was spoken of as having taken place at Belcher's flat, and another at the house of some other person. "McGinty" saw de Veulle and his wife leaving their departure with the cushions and the night attire. It was perfectly obvious that the persons with whom the prisoner was consorting bore an extremely bad character with regard to the taking of forbidden drugs. "There is one other person," continued Sir Richard, "whose name I do not wish to mention publicly, because I have to be dealt with hereafter, and it would be unable to mention the name now. He is a person of a very debased character, and associated with persons of a debased character, who is vouched for by the prisoner as having been his friend for four years."

Sir Richard said that cocaine, in the small doses in which it was usually taken, had an exhilarating effect, but that it led first of all to tolerance and then an almost irresistible craving. When the habit was once acquired it ruined the health very rapidly. Hallucinations and a paralysis supervened, with loss of memory, the patient becoming a mental and physical wreck. The sum of this country bore testimony to the rapid increase of the cases of insanity produced by this pernicious drug habit.

In April, 1916, information reached the police and the military authorities that a new and most pernicious habit was being up in the selling of cocaine in small quantities to officers, and the persons from whom the soldiers got it, and women and other persons about the street. The

Newest Evening Dresser

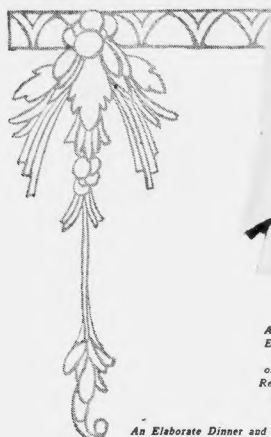
By
Lady Duff-Gordon

"Slip-Off-the-Shoulders" Gowns and Other Novelties of the Alluring Last Minute Fashions

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

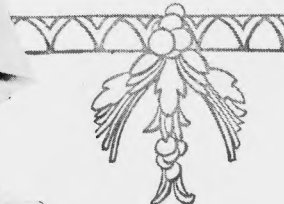
Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishments are at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York, and No. 1400 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.



A Short Evening Wrap of Dark Reversible Satin.

An Elaborate Dinner and Dancing Gown of Which a Shawl Is the Motif.



By Lady Duff-Gordon ("LUCILE")

CHARACTERISTIC of the newest evening dresses is that they have an air of slipping off the shoulders. Since the catastrophe is avoided, one may consider only the favorable side of the illusion. A gown so constructed looks cool. Moreover, it is cool. This drapery or no drapery about the neck and arms guarantees the appearance and reality of comfort in midsummer.

The gown worn by the figure that holds a fan above her head is a study in black and flesh color. Many times I have said that I like a flesh colored lining because it looks cosy. The bodice with its broad straps is made of repeated folds of chiffon. The bodice itself is enwrapped in the delicate, flesh colored fabric. The reasonably short skirt is of black satin slightly draped in the front and straight in the back. Over both bodice and skirt hangs a scant drapery of black net, which rises to a shoulder height at the back and ankle length at the skirt. The drapery has a narrow border of jet. About the hip line are three graduated jet bands. A scarf-like effect is secured at the front by long, tied ends of chiffon that hang from the bust line. The looseness of the drapery gives to the gown a grateful appearance of coolness.

Another, still more elaborate evening gown, is built upon a foundation of satin. Over the scant, little draped skirt is arranged drapery of black net. An over-drapery which hangs diagonally from the bust line is a solid massing of jet. The straight drapery at the back is fringed with jet. The shawl-like effect of the net in front is emphasized by jet fringe. The very low bust line of the black satin and net is heightened by the introduction of a wide piece of Valenciennes lace. Over one shoulder seems to have been flung a fold of a jetted lace net shawl. Really the drapery of this sleeve represents high artistry and elaborate care. Over the other shoulder is worn a strap of jet. This is one of my most successful and most admired creations.

The wraps worn with Summer evening gowns are of necessity of light texture. The one shown on this page is of dark reversible satin, the under side being of contrasting shade. It is short. Around the shoulders passes a wide, shirred, double edged trimming of the same silk. The collar and hem are of the reversible silk. The cloak does not quite hide the gown of white heavily headed net, with fish-tail train.

A lovely new evening gown designed for early Autumn wear by a dazzling brunette is built of rose-colored velvet and silver lace. The foundation material is of the rose-colored velvet. It is cut into a very low V at the front and back. The skirt is slightly draped at the left side. It has a long fish-tail train. Over this is worn a Mandarin coat of silver lace.



A Model Midsummer Gown

That Has the Appearance and Reality of Midsummer Comfort.

The Red Lady ~ by Katharine Newlin Burt

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

MYSTERY'S message thrust into her hand on a New York street leads Janice Gale to take the position of housekeeper at Mrs. Theodore Brane's Southern home, The Pines. She is amazed to see the four which the sight of her flaming red-gold hair excites in little Robbie Brane. The household is aroused almost nightly by the boy's screams of terror at a red-haired woman, and its nerves are set on edge because of queer noises and other things that make the servants think the house is haunted. Soon after Miss Gale's arrival Paul Dabney comes to examine the late Mr. Brane's Russian library. Robin dies one night in a fit of terror, clutching in his hand a strand of red-gold hair. Dabney drags Janice from her room to the boy's bedside and confronts her with what he evidently believes conclusive proof of her responsibility for the tragedy. But even his cruel suspicions cannot shake the love she has begun to feel for Dabney. Mrs. Brane confides to Janice that her husband left great wealth, but that she does not know where it is hidden. In the library, late one night, Janice is startled by the apparition of a woman who is her exact double. With this clue to the mystery to work on, she determines to outwit whatever villainy is on foot. She learns of a plot to kill Dabney and saves his life at the risk of her own. That night Janice sees her detested double in the arbor. The next morning a letter is found there. Janice surmises it was lost by her double as she sat with Paul Dabney. In the note the writer offers to translate a certain mysterious paper which Janice has previously taken from its secret hiding place in the library. Janice slips away to town, where she meets a renegade Russian priest who translates the Russian script for her. After memorizing this she destroys it. On her way home

she is bound and cruelly beaten by her double, who is enraged at not finding on her the paper she seeks. The next night, by a clever maneuver, Janice evades the watchers and finds the much-sought treasure—an ecclesiastical robe and crown thickly encrusted with jewels. Before she can carry them away her double appears and overpowers her. While she is bound and gagged the girl learns that this creature is her own mother.

She cannot leave till daylight, so the woman begins to tell Janice the story of the treasure before killing her, as she must do, to avoid capture. With the help of a faithful priest she had robbed "the Virgin of Jewels" in Moscow and secreted the plunder in Theodore Brane's baggage and had since been unable to recover it. After his death she makes it so private effort to regain the treasure.

The wily criminal believes that after her escape the detectives and her confederates will think Janice's dead body hers. Thus she will be free from pursuit. Seizing an opportune moment Janice attempts escape. She fails and is facing a terrible death when suddenly an electric lantern flashes on her face and she sees Dabney looking over her. "I have caught you," he says. "It is I."

CHAPTER XVIII. (Cont'd.)

The Last Victim.

FOR me it was indeed the end, a far more bitter one than a knife in my heart. I could be taken. I would be tried for my life. Half a dozen people would swear that it was Madame Tremaine. Who would believe my incredible story? I was lost. I looked up at Paul Dabney with a gleam of despair. Footsteps came along the incriminated plane, but Dabney did not turn around. Evidently he expected them and they did not interest him. He was shaking; even his white lips were uneasy. I saw his hands open and shut.

The light of the electric lantern and the light that fell through the trapdoor which he had so mysteriously opened above our heads made him ghastly visible, made the whole passageway, with its rafters and its red bricks, outlined with plaster, the iron box, the glimmer of jewels, plain to my sight.

I saw two men crouching toward me. Between them, by their arms, they held up Madame Tremaine.

"We've got her, sir," said one of them triumphantly. I recognized Mrs. Brane's out-ofdoors men, and thought confidently that one of these was Hovey, the detective.

Paul Dabney looked slowly around. He looked, and raised a shaking hand to his eyes. He turned again toward me. Then, as though a current of life had been flashed through his veins, he sprang to my side, entangled my bonds, tore off the silk handkerchief from my mouth.

I was as helpless as a babe, but he lifted me tenderly and, kneeling, supported me in his arms.

"Janice," he said, brokenly. "Janice, what does it mean?"

My double laughed.

"So now, Hovey, you eat, do you understand what a fool my pretty daughter and I have made of you? You think yourself very clever, no doubt. Your reputation is made, isn't it? Now that you've nabbed the famous Madame of the red-gold strand? No, no, my friend, not quite so fast."

She moved her head from side to side, struggling with her captors. I saw her head thrust to her shoulder to bite and tear at her dress. We all looked at her in a ghastly sort of silence. I could feel

Paul Dabney's quivering muscles and his quick breathes.

Then, for a second, I saw a white pellet on the woman's tongue. It must have been sewed into the seam of her dress there at the shoulder.

She swallowed convulsively and stood still, her head thrust forward, for she spoke once hoarsely.

"The girl is quite innocent," she said; "she wasn't trying for the jewels. Do you get that, Hovey? Keep your claws off her!"

Then she gave a great shiver, her face turned blue, her head dropped forward, her legs gave way, and the two men held a dead body in their arms.

Paul Dabney had me gently down and moved over to her. He cut from her head a lock of the beautiful, gleaming hair, and twisted it around her fingers.

"The last victim of the red-gold strand," he said.

CHAPTER XIX.

Skane's Cleverest Man.

WHEN the death of Madame Tremaine and the arrest of Hovey and of Maida, the daughter to The Pines was over. It was a long time, however, before I was allowed to tell my story. I lay in a darkened room, waited upon by Mary, and the least sound or word would send me into a paroxysm of hysterical tears.

The first person to whom I recounted my adventures was the detective, Hovey, a certain gray-eyed and decaure young man, whom I had

long known by another name. Our interview was very formal. I called him Mr. Hovey and met his cool and unembarrassed look as rarely I could. I was propped up in bed to make my statement.

He listened to me, and then, with his hand often stealing to my pulse, and Mary stood near with a stimulant. She had made me as pretty as she could, the dear soul, had arranged my hair and chosen my damkest dressing gown, but I must have looked like a ghost, and it seemed to me that there lay a brand of shame across my face.

Mr. Hovey took down my statement and Mr. Haverstock witnessed it. I was told that I should have to appear in court at the trial of Madame's accomplices. At that I shrank and looked helplessly at Mr. Haverstock and his eyes, in spite of all I could do, filled with tears.

"Oh, my dear," said the doctor, kindly. "It will be a long time yet. You will be strong enough to face anything."

"There are some things," I murmured shakily. "that I shall never be able to face." I covered my eyes with my hands and turned against the pillow.

I heard Dr. Haverstock whisper something and I knew that Hovey and he had left the room. Paul had not said a word to me except the necessary questions. His face had been expressionless and pale. What else could I expect? How could any man act otherwise to the daughter of the famous Madame Tremaine?

The doctor, Mary, Mrs. Brane were all wonderfully kind. I broke down again under Mrs. Brane's kindness.

"Oh, Janice, my poor child," she said to me when I was at last allowed to see her. "Why didn't you come to me? Why did you try to bear all this terror and misery yourself?"

I held her hand. "I wish I had come to you, dear Mrs. Brane. I wish, for very many reasons, that I had had the humility and good sense to do so. What now is there, except that statement of my wretched mother, to keep you, the whole world, guessing, from thinking that I was a thief myself? From putting that construction upon my insane behavior here?"

"Well, Janice," she said, indulgently, "there is one person to prevent it. I, for one, would never have the courage to suggest such a theory in Paul Hovey's presence. He has written up your record of him so movingly and told the story of it so appealingly that I think you are rather in danger of being a sort of national heroine. In the papers, my dear, you are painted in the most glowing colors. I shouldn't wonder if there would be a movie written about you."

"Paul," I said, "Paul has told it?"

"Yes, Paul. And I think he owes you apologies. In fact, we all do. I engaged a detective the day after Della and Jane and Annie left, and very well I know, of course, that our young student visitor was Skane's cleverest man, but I did not guess that from the first I should have suspected you. Poor child! Poor Janice! What misery you have been through, all by your brave, desolate little self!"

"From the first moment," I responded blankly. "From the first moment Paul thought that I was Madame Tremaine!"

My mind ran back over that meeting in the book room. I remembered his sharp, sudden speech upon the slight edge to his voice. I had thought him a coward with that hand in his pocket, and he, meanwhile, had imagined himself alone under the eyes of the red-gold strand.

"Yes," said Mrs. Brane. "One of whom he was engaged. He was dis-

so, without telling me how serious the situation might be, they chose Hovey and sent him down here as a student of Russian literature. They knew that Madame had never come into contact with him. Paul Hovey has rather a remarkable history, Janice. Would you care to hear it?"

I bent my head.

"He began life as a young man with great expectations and a super-excellent social position. But he was very careless in his choice of companions. It was the love of adventure, I suppose, like Harry Hotsper and his crew.

"At a house party, one of a very remarkable one, I am afraid, on Long Island—this was a good many years ago—he got mixed up in a very tangled web, and disengaged himself with such cleverness and resource, discovering the guilty man before the police had even sniffed a trail, that Skane, half as a joke, urged him to turn detective."

"Hovey, too, found it as a game, but not long after, my dear, the poor boy got himself into trouble—oh, nothing wicked. It was a matter of holding his tongue and keeping other people safe, or telling the truth and clearing himself of rather discreditable folly."

"He held his tongue and most people believed his innocence. I think everyone would have stood by him, for he was extremely popular. If the very people from whom he had the best right to expect money and loyalty had not turned against him—his wife, who had brought him up, and the girl to whom he was engaged. He was dis-

honored and turned out of doors, and the girl a world's little wretch, promptly threw him over. Hovey went straight to Skane, who welcomed him like a long lost child.

"Since then Paul Hovey has become famous in his chosen line of work. Now you know his history. I learned it, what was not already public property, from a man—a friend of Paul's dead father—a man who loves Paul dearly and has known him all his life."

I was not sorry—still as the feeling was—to learn that Paul, too, had a grievance against the world, that he, too, was something of a waif and stray, another bit of Fate's broken line myself.

"And from the first moment he thought I was Madame Tremaine."

"Yes—and fell in love with you! A nice situation for a detective, wasn't it? Don't start. You know he did. But I must run away before I tell you any more secrets. I must have Paul Hovey to make his own apologies, to plead his own cause. I am tiring you, as it is. You are getting much too pink."

"I will never give Mr. Hovey a chance to make his apologies," I said, sadly. "And I am certain, dear Mrs. Brane, that he will never try for the chance. Would you? Who would want to love the daughter of—"

It was here that I broke down and she comforted me.

"Janice, darling," she said when I was a little quieter, "there is a very mighty soul, and though they say he is blind, I believe that he sees like an immortal. If Paul Hovey loved you in spite of his best will and judgment against every instinct of self-protection, loved you as his own shame and anguish when he thought you a woman dead in crime, a woman who had attended his life, do you think he will stop loving you when he knows your history and your innocence?"

She left me before I could answer.

Continued on Page 10.

THE COST—By Shirley Carson

“I wonder if I will ever get just the right expression.”

Maureen Dale moved back impulsively from the easel, startled from deepening on his face.

“A week’s work for nothing,” he muttered, fiddling his arms and looking lazily at the picture before him. “There seems some fault about the expression of the face. I can’t picture my idea to the camera—its humiliating, but it seems to be this.”

The thought seemed to sting him to fresh action; he took an impulsive step forward, reached for his palette and recommenced work. For fifteen minutes there was silence in the studio; then a box came at the door.

“Come in!”

The door was opened, and a woman, young and lovely, stood irresolute on the threshold. Dale put down his palette with a sigh of relief, throwing an anxious glance at his wife as she came forward. They stood before the picture and the woman’s eyes swept it with some curiosity.

“I waited until the light began to fall; I wanted to say goodbye to you before I went,” she said.

Dale looked down at her sumptuous dress, and detached a flower from her corsage.

“You are greeted for some festival again,” he said sally. “What is it tonight?”

“We were to dine with the Mortimers, you know, but Curtis is my escort as usual,” she laughed for a moment a little nervously. “I have to manage your social ways and make as best I can. Rupert, people are beginning to understand you have no time for frivolities. It was a little hard to explain at first, but now they are beginning to whisper.”

“Shouldn’t asked Dale with an amused quiver of his lips. “What were you going to say, Magdalen?”

“They think you are a budding eccentric—a goddess—or something of that sort.”

Dale laughed loudly. “That I have not been on the retired list for such a great while,” he protested.

“Long enough for people to take it for granted that Curtis will accompany me,” his wife answered dryly.

“Curtis is the best of fellows—not half such a selfish wretch as I am. You and he must forgive me, Magdalen—bear with me just a little longer. When once I’ve got this picture off my mind—”

The faced round to the easel again, and Magdalen’s eyes followed his.

“It is beautiful,” she said reluctantly, a curious look of timidity on her face. “It is very lovely, but you have never told me what it means. The woman has such a strange look—I wonder what emotion could bring that expression forth.”

“I have not got the true expression yet—when it comes you won’t be in such a state of mystification over the meaning of the picture. Do you remember we went to the play last week?”

“The first time we had been out together for long enough—yes, I remember.”

“I had seen the thing before,” Dale answered hastily. “Do you remember the scene where the woman is accused—wrongfully accused—of infidelity toward her husband?”

“Yes.”

Magdalen turned sharply from the picture.

“Now I know what you mean—what you are trying to express here,” she said. “Why do you paint such morbid things? Why—why should a woman’s agony have such a fascination for you?”

“I didn’t get the expression I wanted,” Dale went on, his eyes riveted on the picture. “It was all too—well, too crazy. I came home without being satisfied.”

Magdalen looked at the picture again with singular shirking.

“I should never want to see it hung in a house of mine—the face would haunt me.”

Dale laughed nervously. “What a child, you are in spite of your having been married five years! I believe you would have me paint buttercups and daisies, and little girls in greenaway frocks and fat cherubs.”



“Magdalen turned to face him; saw one hand stretched accusingly toward the hall-door; the other pointing accusingly to herself.”

“I’ve been wrapped up in this thing, but it is almost finished now and it is far and away the best piece of work I’ve ever accomplished. Mason is awfully enthusiastic over it—says it is going to put me in the front rank. You—you don’t know what this picture is going to mean to me, Magdalen.”

“Just be patient with me a little longer, Magdalen,” he pleaded, lifting her face to his stormy eyes.

“He held her off at arm’s length, and she suddenly turned away from the rap expression in his eyes. Dale thought it was a curious change that came over her, but he did not stop to analyze it; he was grateful for the farewell kiss she gave him. Her face showed softened lines in the dim light, and when she had passed through the door she turned to give him a last wave of the hand.”

“Do you know what it was like to me to feel that I was handing you over to justice? Even then I loved you. Even then your beauty and your eyes—oh, Janice, I can’t think of the agony of it all. Don’t make me go over it, don’t make me explain it in cold blood.”

“In cold blood? There isn’t a drop of cold blood in my body when I hold your hands. Are you going to forgive me? Are you going to let me begin again? May I have my chance?”

“I laughed bitterly enough. ‘Your chance to win the daughter of Madame Trenor?’”

“At that he gripped me in his arms and kissed me in the tumult of my heart I could not hear the music of the mockingbird.”

“My heart has always known you for the lovely and holy thing you are,” he told me later. “It knew you in spite of my bewildered wits.”

“Did I know me that night in the arms?” I asked him, shakily. “And he was silent. I had to forgive him because he made no attempt to defend himself. He sat there, his hands clasped, and silent, telling my mind, I’ll leave it back to him of my own free will, forgivingly.”

“And what more is there to tell?”

“Not long after the trial Mrs. Brane left The Pines to marry Mr. Flaverlock, who, to my great surprise, had been her suitor all these months. And as for Mary, she is living with Paul and me, and is the happiest of faithful nurses to our child. Paul’s and my daughter is a little fairy, with demure gray eyes and the blackest hair that I have ever seen.”

“And the treasure, the robe and crown, which so belatedly a little fairy, with demure gray eyes and the blackest hair that I have ever seen.”

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“Don’t come down; Curtis is waiting at the end of the corridor, and you know he always takes good care of me.” And he sure was not to worry yourself over the picture.”

Dale laughed at the parting sally; then he went to the window and watched his wife and her cousin take their departure. “Curtis is the best fellow,” he muttered, watching the tall man who helped Magdalen into the carriage, “and, by Jove, he’s Greek as he can be. Mason told me yesterday that all the women were in love with him, and that he didn’t seem to be much moved by it—ungrateful dog.”

The carriage rolled out of sight, and Dale, suddenly aware of a feverish headache, stepped on to the balcony. The evening air was soft and cool—conducive to anyone oppressed with nervous tension. Dale had been living through a strenuous time and was not yet over it. The pictured face in the easel did not completely express his soul’s conception, and he was growing mystified with himself because these last touches were proving so difficult.

As a rule, his hand’s cunning did not fail him at the crucial moment.

Then he fell to thinking repentantly of Magdalen. Until tonight he had not suspected her dissatisfaction over his social shortcomings. She had always appeared happy in having Curtis as an escort, and the fact had pacified him; made him feel he could legitimately give more time to the work which pressed him so hard.

When the roll of carriage wheels sounded, Dale jumped up with an exclamation. Sleep, or waking dreams, had claimed him this long while, and he shook himself back to reality in a hurry.

Curtis and Magdalen had entered the house and were passing up the staircase together. Dale climbed into the dark studio and switched on a light; then opened the door. Curtis often came in for half an

hour to talk about pictures and smoke a cigar.

The light fell full on the easel, and Dale, drawn by consuming fascination, paused to scrutinize his picture once more. His brow creased again in dissatisfaction, and a shiver of impatience went over him. He took up the brush aimlessly. This was not as it should be. It was hardly the look that would be wrong from a pure-souled woman wrongfully accused of infidelity toward her husband.

It was not as Magdalen would look if he were to go to her at this moment of her return with an accusation respecting her relations with Curtis on his lips. Heavens! Could he not imagine the horror, the agony, on her lovely face if he—

The brush fell from his quivering fingers. He knew his moment of inspiration was gone. Dare he seize it? He would get the look he wanted, but at what cost? Magdalen could not—would not—ever forgive the outrage on her purity?

Yes, she would! She had been patient with him all along over this picture, knowing how much it meant to him, and she would endure even this last thing. With his arms around her, a moment afterward, all would be well!

Dale was down the corridor before any afterthought could retard his steps. Curtis had descended the stairs and was leaving the house. Magdalen, at her bedroom door, stood waving him farewell. At this point her husband she entered her room, leaving a handful of withered roses down before the mirror.

Four words came sharply from Dale’s lips—and he heard the cry of one taken unawares. Magdalen turned from the roses to face him; saw one hand stretched accusingly toward the hall-door; the other pointing to herself. With a cry of anguish she fell face foremost at his feet.

“Rupert! Oh! Forgive—forgive me!”

The Red Lady--By Katharine Newlin Burt

Continued from Page 6

her question, but she left me with out a ray of hope. I had made up my mind that I would never marry any one. And I was sure, with the memory of Paul’s cold questioning looks in our recent interview, that he would never come to me again.

But he did come. We met in the sunny book room where I had first led him on—once—it seemed very long ago. I was sitting in the window seat trying listlessly to read and listening

heart-brokenly to the gay music of a mockingbird in the tree outside, when his step sounded in the hall, and while I stood, half-risen, to fly, he came in quietly and stood before me with his boyish and disarming smile.

My knees gave way and I dropped back into my place, the book falling to the floor. I was trembling all over.

“Don’t say you won’t let me talk to you, Janice,” he pleaded, and his face was white with earnestness. “Don’t try to run away from me. You must in all fairness hear me out.”

“There is nothing for me to listen to,” I muttered. “I have nothing to say to you.”

“Perhaps it is nothing to listen to,” he said, “but it is the most important thing to me in the world. It seems my life—that’s all.”

“To talk to me?”

“Yes. For God’s sake, let us play no tricks with each other now. There has been too much disguise between us.”

“I mistook you for a wicked woman—yes, but you know that I mistook you; you knew that I loved you; I never told my own soul; you knew that I suffered damnably, and you did not mislead me.”

“I kept a policeman’s guard upon you, yes. I let you find the paper. I let you get the translation, and when I could force my heart to give in to my sense of duty, I tracked you down, and bound you with the transcripts.”

“I saw your double go out through the kitchen garden that night, and I thought, as I had thought from the beginning, that you were I. I followed her to the kitchen. I followed her to the door. I let her go into her hiding place, and I set two men to watch that entrance while I went out to make sure of Maida and Jeffrey.”

“Long before that night I had discovered the other opening in the passage—the opening in Robbie’s window-sill, and had fastened it up so that none of the rans should light upon it. When I came back at my leisure, thinking to find my quarry in the hands of my two men, they told me that she had

come out, that they had awaited according to orders, and had heard a long murmur of voices in the wall. Then I betook myself to the other opening and dropped on you from above.”

Here, all at once, his self-control

Beginning Here Next Sunday--

The Secret Door

By Derek Vane.

A Fascinating Romance of LOVE and INTRIGUE in London’s SMART SET—the Story of a WIFE Who Was SWEEP AWAY from Her HUSBAND on the Tide of ANOTHER MAN’S PASSION and CHARM.

Charmingly Illustrated by Edmund Frederick



The wrong and the right way to care for your cuticle

Learn to keep it smooth without ruinous cutting

WHEN you use knife or scissors on your cuticle, you cut into the living skin. If you look through a magnifying glass, you will see that this is so—that you have made tiny, jagged cuts in the flesh itself. The skin, in its effort to heal these ugly little fissures, grows up quickly, unevenly, and forms thick, rough, ragged cuticle.

How to keep your cuticle smooth

You can keep your cuticle so thin, smooth, even, that it gives especial beauty to your hand.

Wash a bit of cotton around the end of an orange-wood tooth come in the Cutex package, dip it into the Cutex bottle and work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back

the dead cuticle. Wash the hands in warm, soapy water, pressing back the cuticle edge when drying your hands. In this way you keep your cuticle in perfect condition with no breaking or cutting of the skin.

To keep your hands well groomed all the time

With less time than you spend each week brushing your teeth, you can keep your nails conspicuously attractive. Once or twice a week give them a quick Cutex manege. You will enjoy seeing your hands always looking perfectly groomed, lovely.

At any drug or department store you can get Cutex. The Cutex Remover comes in 25c and 50c bottles. Cutex Nail White is 25c. Cutex Nail Polish is 35c. Paste, powder, liquid or stick form is also. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is also 25c.

A complete trial manicure set for only 20c

Mail the coupon today with 20c, and we will send you the complete Mildred Manicure Set shown below. This will give you at least six Cutex manicures. Address: NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. 836, 114 West 17th Street, New York City. If you live in Canada, address NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. 836, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

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PROPER SHAMPOOING is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant. Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why discriminating women use



MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL FOR SHAMPOOING

This clear, pure, and entirely germless product, cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply mix with water and rub it in. It makes a luxuriant abundance of rich, creamy lather, which comes out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being

much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to do up. You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle should last for months.

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THE R. L. WATKINS CO., Cleveland, Ohio

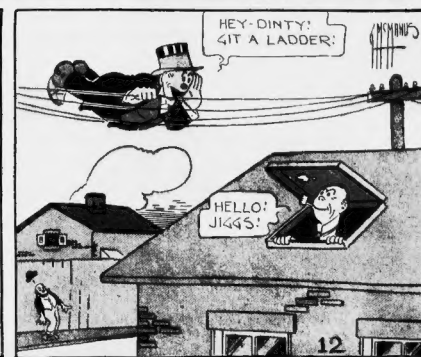
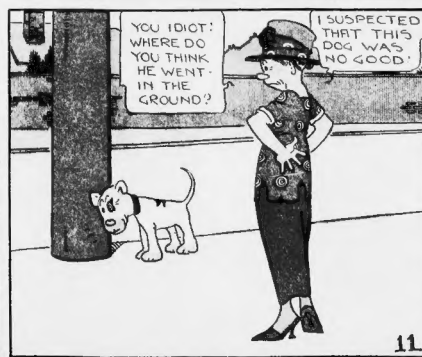
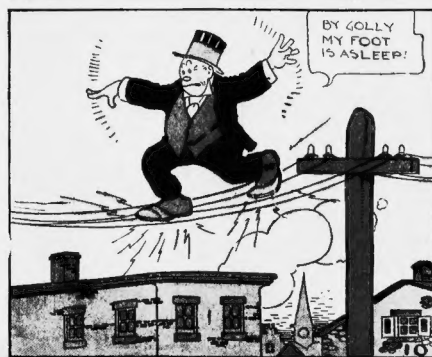


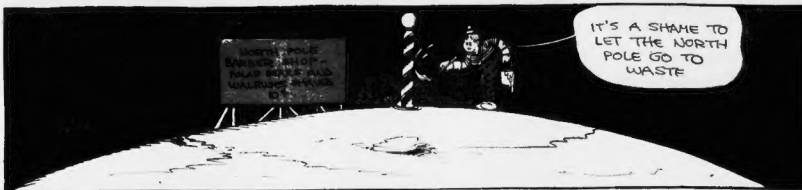
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Bringing Up Father



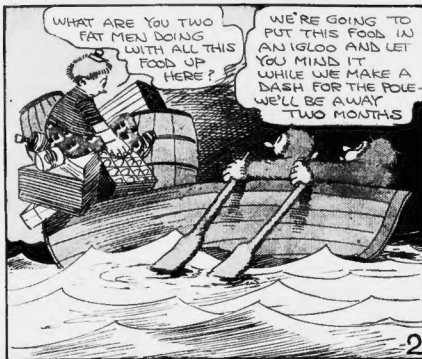


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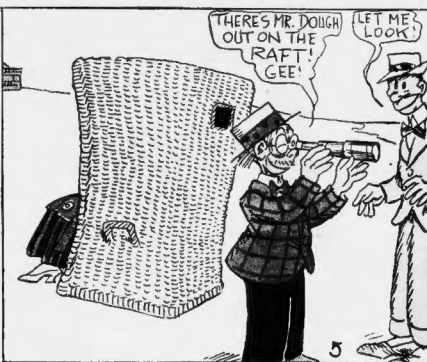


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Mr. Dubb



F. OPPER

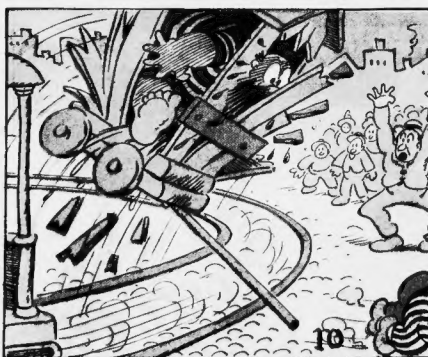
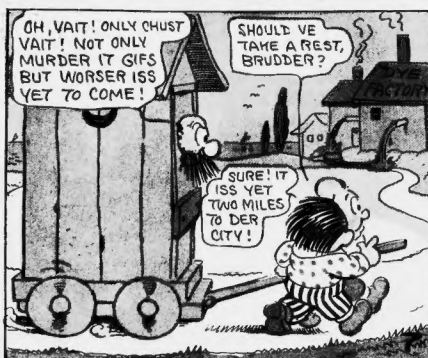


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